THE

CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

A COMICK OPERA

IN TWO ACTS.

FIRST REPRESENTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL HAY-MARKET, ON SATURDAY JULY 13TH, 1799.

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH, AND ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE,

By HENRY HEARTWELL, Esq.

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1799.

GEORGE III
BR. MUS.

IT ſeems ſcarcely neceſſary to repeat what has been already notified in every Newſpaper, that THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO is founded on the French Opera in one Act

"*Le Priſonnier, ou la Reſemblance.*"

LE TEXIER'S Readings firſt made it known in London; it was admired and translated, but the translation was too ſimple for an Engliſh Stage, and to produce effect, numerous changes appeared indiſpenſible. The Reader will beſt judge whether thoſe changes have improved.

To Mr. COLMAN, for the moſt encouraging conduct, for many happy alterations, for the moſt liberal aid of Scenery and Dreſs it is indebted; and to all the Performers,

Perfòrmers, the Author conſiders himſelf highly obliged, and requeſts they will accept his warmeſt thanks.

To Mr. FAWCETT.

AS an Acknowledgement of his excellent Performance, and of the great benefit derived from his aſſiſtance while it was preparing for the Engliſh Stage, THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO is inſcribed.

He is requeſted to receive it as a proof of the conſideration and regard, his talents as a Comedian, and his Character as a Man, muſt at all times command.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

Blinval (the Priſoner) -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Governor of Sorrento - -	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Count Murville - - -	Mr. DAVIES.
Germain (his Servant) -	Mr. SUETT,
Footman - - - - -	Mr. ABBOT.
Corporal - - - - -	Mr. CHIPPENDALE.

Serjeant, Soldiers, &c.

The Widow Belmont - -	Miſs DE CAMP.
Roſina (her Daughter) -	Miſs GRIFFITHS.

SCENE. *Sorrento, near Naples.*

The Muſick of this Opera is Publiſhed by GOULDING'S *and* Co. *No.* 45. *Pall Mall.*

THE

CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

On the right hand one of the Towers of the Caſtle of Sorrento. A wet ditch and parapet wall dividing it from a large houſe placed on the left, with a lattic'd window over the door opening to a balcony. In the Tower, a grated window about the height of the balcony. A pictureſque view of the country in the diſtance, mountainous and with vineyards. It is evening preceeding ſun-ſet—all is ſilent for a few moments, the Lattice opens and Roſina appears.

SONG—ROSINA.

EVENING's ſhadows now appear,
All is huſh'd and calm around,—
Hark; his well known voice I hear;
Let me fly to catch the ſound.
No,—'tis paſt, and ſilence reigns,
Penſive, ſtill, I mourn his fate,
In his Tower he ſtill remains,
Here, alas! in vain I wait.

Evening ſhadows now appear,
All is huſh'd, and calm around,—
Hark! again his voice I hear,
Yes, I've caught the well-known ſound.

BLINVAL *in a Red Huſſar Jacket, his hair diſhevell'd, and his whole appearance neglected, ſeen at the grated window of the Priſon.*

DUETT—BLINVAL *and* ROSINA.

BLINVAL.

Hark! again that heavenly voice.

ROSINA.

Yes, 'tis he! why throbs my heart?
By turns I ſigh, by turns rejoice.
I'm fix'd, tho' reaſon ſays depart.

BLINVAL.

Oh! what joy, what bliſs I feel.

ROSINA.

Ah! could my prayers your anguiſh heal.

BLINVAL.

Sweet heavenly Maid, my griefs are paſt,
My Priſon now a Palace ſeems,
Speak, will the pleaſing viſion laſt,
Or are my raptures fleeting dreams?

ROSINA.

Ah! could Roſina's prayers avail,
How ſoon theſe heavy bars ſhou'd fall,
Ah! cou'd Roſina's tears prevail,
How ſwift you'd paſs the hated wall.

BLINVAL.

Ye Gods, I'm bleſt, what rapture's mine,
Forgive that late I dar'd repine.

ROSINA.

Compaſſion's tear.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

The joys I feel.

ROSINA.

Bedews my cheek

BLINVAL.

No words reveal.

ROSINA.

Alas! poor youth.

BLINVAL.

How bleſt my lot.

ROSINA.

How hard your fate.

BLINVAL.

My grief's forgot.
I'm bleſt beyond what mortals know,
Tho' fate has mark'd the world my foe;
That cheering glance, that heavenly ſmile,
Would ev'ry human care beguile.

ROSINA.

Alas! how hard the Priſoner's lot
Forſaken,—by the world forgot.

BLINVAL.

What joys I feel!

ROSINA.

How hard his lot.

BLINVAL.

I'm bleſt indeed.

ROSINA.

By all forgot.

BLINVAL.

My griefs are paſt.

ROSINA.

Compaſſion's tear.

BLINVAL.

Tranſporting ſounds!

ROSINA.

Your woes ſhall cheer.

TOGETHER.

ROSINA.

Ah! wou'd my fervent Prayers aſcend,
Your painful ſufferings ſoon ſhou'd end.

BLINVAL.

The Prayers of Virtue ſwift aſcend,
I feel my ſufferings ſoon muſt end.

BLINVAL *quits the Priſon Window.*

ROSINA *leans over the Balcony and liſtens—all is again ſtill.*

ROSINA—(*alone.*)

Heigho!—he ſings no more.—No! he is gone, and I am ſtill left in incertitude.—It's very wicked of the Governor to keep ſo ſweet a man coop'd up in that huge ugly Tower.

Enter GERMAIN *with a portmanteau and hat-box, he lays them down at the ſtreet door and knocks, calling at the ſame time.*

GERMAIN.

Hilloa! hoe! hoe!—Within there, hoe!

ROSINA

ROSINA—(*from the Balcony.*)

What can that be?

GERMAIN.

Are you all dead!—Rub down my hack,—and let me have a ſpanking ſupper, for I'm confoundedly ſharp ſet.

ROSINA.

Pray where do you ſuppoſe yourſelf, that you're ſo much at home?—This is no Inn.

GERMAIN.

(*Looking up and taking off his hat*)—(*aſide*) Bumpers and Burgundy! there's a rogue's eye. (*to her*) Inn—Oh no, Lord love your pretty face, the Widow Belmont wou'd be quite ſhock'd if *I* went to an Inn.

ROSINA.

Indeed!—And *who* are you?

GERMAIN.

One of King Cupid's Corp diplomatique; Ambaſſador of Love—Courier of Hymen—The faithful follower, tho' I precede my Maſter, of Count Murville, Captain in the Death's Head Huſſars, *et cetera*.—Germain at your ſervice.—(*bowing.*)

ROSINA.

Oh! from our Couſin Murville. Well, I'll inform Mama—(*aſide*) Provoking Puppy—at this moment—he has choſen this time.

(*Cloſes the Lattice and goes in.*)

GERMAIN.

GERMAIN.

She might as well have asked me to walk in. (*Puts on his hat.*)—Mighty pleaſant no doubt, this *al freſco* to thoſe who reliſh it. But for a Gentleman, who does Count Murville, Captain in the Death's Head Huſſars, *et cetera*, the honour to adjuſt his Muſtachio's, and to adorn his head.—Why, it's damn'd ſcurvy treatment.—Hip! halloe! Houſe! within there.—(*Knocks at the door*)

FOOTMAN (*opening the door and entering.*)

Halloe! who thunders ſo loudly?

GERMAIN.

Why, me to be ſure.

FOOTMAN.

You! and who the devil are you?

GERMAIN.

Is that your reſpect to a Valet de Chambre? Here, take my baggage, and know your diſtance.

Snatches up the portmanteau and hat-box, places them on the Footman's ſhoulders, puſhes him in and follows.

SCENE II.

A Drawing-room at the Widow BELMONT'S, *elegantly furniſhed, with a communicating Bed-room. Door opening upon the Stage.*

Enter the FOOTMAN *aud* GERMAIN.

FOOTMAN.

My Miſtreſs is at the Governor's, and you muſt

muſt wait.—She will ſpeak with you here.—(*Going*)

GERMAIN,

But Sir,—Reſpected Sir, (*bowing*) if you are pleas'd to take your own ſweet company away; can't you ſend me an omelite and a ſallad, with a few of your half-emptied flaſks, you *underſtand*, and I don't think without offence, I ſhou'd lament your abſence.

FOOTMAN.

Oh Sir, your moſt obedient.—But I'm never Purveyor except where I'm a gueſt—You underſtand. (*Exit.*

GERMAIN

Well, now, as I'm a Chriſtian Sinner, that fellow deſerves the gallies. I wiſh my maſter wou'd appear—Somehow, I'm never reſpected but for his ſake.—What can detain him at Naples? Oh! I have it—The impriſonment of his young friend Blinval, that fire-eating, mad Rattlecap, who had near ſabred his own Colonel. What a curſed ſcrape—"Death by the Articles of War."—But he performed ſuch prodigies in the laſt battle, and ſaved Count Murville's life, ſo he'll move Heav'n, Earth, and the Miniſter for his releaſe; Oh! now I recollect he is in this diſtrict, cloſe priſoner in the old Caſtle of Sorrento; if I cou'd ſpeak to him.—No, no, poor devil, he is trapp'd like a rat and can only be peep'd at thro' his gratings.

Enter

Enter BLINVAL *thro' the door in the red Huſſars jacket, without a ſword.*

BLINVAL.

(*Looking about but not perceiving* GERMAIN)—This apartment excels the laſt—am I awake! or is it all a dream.

GERMAIN—(*not ſeeing him.*)

He is as wild as a young Tartar, as obſtinate as a young Devil, but as ſound hearted as a young Engliſhman. O! a fine fellow that Blinval.

BLINVAL—(*turning quick round.*)

Blinval! who calls me?

GERMAIN—(*ſtarting and drawing back*)

Eh! what!—No, ſure,—Yes but it is; it is our mad Lieutenant.—(*Runs and leaps on his neck.*)

BLINVAL.

Germain! not hang'd yet, but don't ſtrangle me man.—I'm here you ſee in ſpite of our old fuſty Colonel; ſafe, ſound, and hearty boy.

GERMAIN.

But by what miracle. I thought you ſnug in one of the four towers of that damn'd Caſtle.

BLINVAL.

So thinks the Governor, Heaven help him, at this hour. But tell me, whoſe is this houſe?

GERMAIN.

The Widow Belmont's.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

Has ſhe a daughter?

GERMAIN.

Roſina; a great beauty; freſh, blooming, and ſixteen.

BLINVAL.

Huzza! Then I ſhall bleſs the day I heard the ruſty hinges of Sorrento creak.

GERMAIN.

And were I in your place, I ſhou'd curſe it moſt furiouſly. But what with hunger, thirſt, and curioſity, I'm in a desperate caſe; pity me, Sir, I have a craving appetite for your adventures.

BLINVAL.

Shut up in the South Tower, I one day ſaw the daughter of this houſe at a lattic'd balcony—Woodbines and jeſſamines were round the wall, but they were'nt half ſo freſh as the ſweet little creature who eclips'd them.

GERMAIN.

O Lord! O Lord!—I'm likely to be famiſh'd ſtill, if we're to creep thro' the woodbines.

BLINVAL.

To the point then; ſhe kept her eyes long fix'd on me. I tried to move her by croaking in my damn'd hoarſe voice, ſome melancholy ditties about captivity and ſo on. Every day freſh attentions, freſh ſongs. This very evening my

jailor called me from a charming interview. I thruſt him out, and in a moment of paſſion daſh'd an old wardrobe in a dark corner of my room to atoms. A folded paper caught my eye, I ſeiz'd it eagerly; it was directed—

GERMAIN.

How?

BLINVAL.

"To the unfortunate, who ſucceeds me."

GERMAIN.

And the contents?

BLINVAL.

A Legacy from my poor devil of a predeceſſor; he had been ſhup up in the ſame part of the Tower ten years. But love had ſoftened the hardſhips of his captivity. In ſhort, the paper mark'd a ſecret avenue leading to the next houſe. I deſcended, crept through a ſubterraneous paſſage, clim'd a cork-ſcrew ſtair-caſe,—reached a ſmall door, and upon preſſing back a ſpring, jump'd into that bed-room.

GERMAIN.

And the entrance.

BLINVAL.

Is conceal'd by that looking-glaſs. But tell me now, what brings your rogues face to Sorrento?

GERMAIN.

GERMAIN.

Marriage. Your friend Murville, is couſin to the Widow. They have been long involv'd in a law-ſuit, and were compell'd to correſpond. The firſt letters were cold, the ſecond more civil, the third touch'd on arrangements, and in the laſt they ſettled it, to wind up all in the old faſhion'd way, *by a Marriage.*

BLINVAL.

Excellent—When will they ſolemnize?

GERMAIN.

The day's not fix'd, for they have never met.

BLINVAL.

Not ſeen each other! Then I'm eſtabliſh'd in the houſe.

GERMAIN.

Eh! how do you make that out?

BLINVAL.

Dolt. Dunderhead—I ſhall paſs for Murville—the Widow Belmont, will receive, careſs, feed, lodge, and——

GERMAIN.

Marry you!

BLINVAL.

No, no; but I'll obtain an interview with my Roſina; ſpeak to her frequently, and breathe my vows of Love and Conſtancy in a *purer air.*

GERMAIN.

GERMAIN.

In the mean time, they'll viſit the South Tower, find the bird flown, and ſend him back to whiſtle his ſoft notes in a foul air and a cloſe cage.

BLINVAL.

They viſit me but *twice* a day; and till to-morrow's noon I'm ſafe.

GERMAIN.

Granted;—but will that neglegée ſuit the Lover?

BLINVAL.

Oh! let me ſee.—(*pauſing*)—I have been ſtop'd by a Banditti.

GERMAIN.

Ha! ha! ha! You're never at a loſs, always a tale at your tongue's *end*. But my ſcruples—

BLINVAL.

Have like all other things their price.—(*ſhaking the purſe.*) Fifty Louis for their repoſe.

GERMAIN.

They're huſh'd. (*taking the purſe.*)

BLINVAL.

But, if I appear in this identical dreſs, I ſhall be known inſtantly by Roſina, and it wou'dn't be prudent to diſcover myſelf even to her, too ſoon.

GERMAIN.

GERMAIN.

What ſay you to my Maſter's riding Coat and Military Hat?

BLINVAL.

The very thing, run and fetch them, quick, quick.

GERMAIN *runs out and returns with them immediately.*

GERMAIN.

(*Helping* BLINVAL *on with the Hat and Coat.*)—So. And here comes the Widow too, moſt opportune.

BLINVAL.

Attention then, and to our poſts. Remember I have been robb'd.

Enter Mrs. BELMONT, *preceeded by the Footman, who retires.*

Mrs. BELMONT (*to Germain*)

Is it you Sir, who wiſh to ſpeak with me?

GERMAIN.

Yes, Madam, it was I gallop'd on joyfully to announce Count Murville—But, Oh! Heavens!

Mrs. BELMONT

You alarm me! What has befallen him?

GERMAIN.

O bitter news!—Speak, Sir, yourſelf, for I want words.—(*Aſide*)—and impudence.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Mrs. BELMONT.

What is it you Couſin?

BLINVAL.

As you perceive, and in no better plight.—(*looking at his dreſs.*)

Mrs. BELMONT.

What has happen'd?

BLINVAL.

Friendſhip, Love, and anxiety all urged me to haſte here—unfortunately *a Banditti.*

Mrs. BELMONT.

Robbers!

BLINVAL.

Stop'd me ſome leagues from this.

GERMAIN.

Five minutes later and I had ſhar'd his fate. O terrible!

Mrs. BELMONT.

Robbers!

TRIO—BLINVAL, GERMAIN, *and* Mrs. BELMONT.

BLINVAL.

Affection induc'd me all dangers to brave,
I mounted my horſe in the dead of the night.

GERMAIN.

GERMAIN.

This Love had nigh ſhewn him the way to his grave,
When you hear his eſcape, you'll be ſeiz'd with affright.

Mrs, BELMONT.

Such a hazard was wrong;

GERMAIN.

But his reaſons were ſtrong;

BLINVAL.

From the Foreſt they ruſh'd full a ſcore at leaſt:

GERMAIN.—(*Aſide.*)

How he brags, how he lies,

BLINVAL.

Taken thus by ſurprize;

Mrs. BELMONT.

Alas! all my fears, my alarms are increas'd.

BLINVAL.

With my back to a tree,
At one thruſt diſpatch'd three!—
Seventeen with drawn ſwords remain'd circling *me* round,

GERMAIN.

Seventeen with drawn ſwords remained circling *him* round.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Alas! cou'd no aid, cou'd no ſuccour be found?
Such a riſk, ſuch a ſtate!

GERMAIN.

Faith his perils were great.

BLINVAL.

The blood of ſix others ſoon redden'd my ſword.

GERMAIN.

GERMAIN.—(*Aside.*)

What a bounce, what a lie!

BLINVAL.

Not a creature came by.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Alas! ſure ſuch numbers at laſt overpower'd—

BLINVAL.

With ten wounds gaping wide,
And ſix thruſts in the ſide,
I fought till my blood in a torrent was pour'd.

ALL THREE.

GER. He fought till his blood in a torrent was pour'd!
BLIN. Then faintly I ſunk by ſuch odds overpow'd;
Mrs. BEL. Alas! what a ſtate by ſuch odds overpower'd.

BLINVAL.

Stretch'd on the ground for dead, the cowards rifled me, but fled on the approach of Travellers, who coming up gave me every aſſiſtance in their power.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Good Heavens! I fear you muſt have ſuffered much from the wounds you received.—Have you kept your chamber long?

BLINVAL.

Hum! I have been a good while *confined*—Haven't I Germain?

GERMAIN.

That you have—I can prove it.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

But excepting a weakneſs—no inconvenience follows.

Mrs. BELMONT.

(*Aſide.*) He is younger than I conceiv'd, well made, and elegant— (*to him*) My laſt letter muſt have convinc'd you I was deſirous to have all points explain'd.

BLINVAL.

O, We'll explain ourſelves off hand—Germain, endeavour to get me ſome decent clothes, I am aſhamed to ſee myſelf; I have the appearance—

GERMAIN.

Of a Mountebank, preciſely. (*Exit.*

Mrs. BELMONT.

Now we're alone, we can diſcourſe on buſineſs.

BLINVAL.

Certainly—But at this moment—I'm ſo confus'd—the blows thoſe raſcals dealt, have made me ſo light-headed, ſo abſent.—

Mrs. BELMONT.

Only one thing—it will be right to ſend a ſettlement to an Attorney's.

BLINVAL.

Why yes, it will be certainly quite right and neceſſary.

Mrs. BELMONT.

You conſent then to keep the Farm?

BLINVAL.

The Farm!—O decided.—Yes, yes, we'll keep the Farm.

Mrs. BELMONT.

But we muſt recollect my daughter—She has juſt claims.

BLINVAL. (*quickly.*)

The greateſt poſſible.—She is ſo beautiful—ſuch a ſoft tender air, ſo intereſting, ſo charming.

Mrs. BELMONT. (*ſurprized.*)

Really! How can you tell all this? Have you ſeen her?

BLINVAL.

Seen her? Yes, I—Oh no!—But I ſpeak from report which is loud in her praiſe, ſo oblige me, and drop the ſuit.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Why you forget—*you* drop the ſuit.

BLINVAL.

Do I?—true, true! but my head's ſo confus'd, I can think only of our approaching happineſs.—(*taking her hand.*)

Mrs. BELMONT.

But I expected I confeſs a Man of middle age, and you appear quite young.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL

True. I have ever been thought young, and ſurely Cozen, that's no misfortune.

Mrs. BELMONT.

No.—But as reaſon and friendſhip forms the baſis of our Union, tho' tempted to regard it as a *defect*, I am willing to hope we ſhall be both happy. I ſhall now leave you to give directions for your comfort and accommodation.

Enter GERMAIN.

Germain, that Room (*pointing to the Room-door*) will be your Maſter's.

BLINVAL. (*Aſide.*)

By all that's fortunate, the ſecret door.

Mrs. BELMONT.

I'll prepare my daughter to receive you immediately. But recollect a Father-in-Law, ſhou'd be grave and ſedate. Adieu. (*Exit.*

BLINVAL.

Alons Germain—The day's our own. Victory my Boy—I'm grown ſo grave and ſteady, they'll not ſuſpect I cou'd invent this trick.

GERMAIN.

Steady with a vengeance—Ah! if you're other than Blinval—I ſhall look out for the World's end.

BLINVAL.

But I'm determin'd to reform.

GERMAIN.

Which way?

BLINVAL.

By marrying.

GERMAIN.

Why faith if any thing can tame a man, I believe that may.

BLINVAL.

My ſtars all ſhine propitious, and every time my preſence is requir'd, I'll lock my door, glide to my priſon, and whip back, no one the wiſer.

GERMAIN.

But my Maſter in the mean time appears—Off goes my Livery, and I'm coop'd up in your agreeable South Tower for having touch'd upon the ſecret ſpring.

BLINVAL.

I ſhall rejoice in ſuch good company—but ſee—the Sun peeps forth, fogs, miſts, and vapours fly; here comes Roſina.

GERMAIN.

Then you'll deſpenſe with me, ſo I'll eſcape to the more foggy regions, where ſavory fumes exhale from the Stew pans, and the jolly Butler diſtributes his rich gifts from the Widow's cellar.

(*Exit.*

Enter

Enter ROSINA.

ROSINA.—(*Aſide.*)

This then is my Step Father, and I muſt be reſpectful and ſo forth—ſo ſays Mama!—Heigho!

BLINVAL.—(*Aſide.*)

She'll be aſtoniſh'd when ſhe perceives the Priſoner. (*going towards her.*)

ROSINA.—(*ſtarting back.*)

O Heavens!—Can I believe my eyes—his very features!

BLINVAL.

What ſtartles you my little Couſin—have I already the misfortune to diſpleaſe?

ROSINA.

No, Sir, no certainly not that; but I was ſtruck with the *reſemblance* to a Friend; yes, Sir, an abſent friend, too little known, and alas! too unfortunate; Pardon me, Sir, but my tongue faulters, my heart throbs, and my face burns. I muſt beg to retire. (*going.*)

BLINVAL.

Don't leave me, Coz. (*taking her hand*) (*She withdraws it baſhfully,*) why withdraw your hand.—You wou'd not be ſo coy to my *reſemblance.*

ROSINA.

Oh! yes I ſhou'd, becauſe I ought to be ſo.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

But I ſhall be your Father-in-Law ſoon.

ROSINA.

True—but you are ſo like *this Friend*, I ſhou'd think ſtill of him.

BLINVAL.

You tremble. (*Aſide*). Happy Blinval!

ROSINA.

Yes—and my heart beats quick, juſt as it does *when I ſee him.*

BLINVAL.

And mine, juſt as it does when I ſee you—I mean *your Mother.* She is like you.

ROSINA.

My Mother! Ah! you are as young as your likeneſs.

BLINVAL.

Looks are deceitful. But, Roſina, you muſt love me, if not for my own ſake, for the ſake of *my likeneſs.*

ROSINA.

Ah! but *I don't love him*, he is unfortunate, and I feel intereſted in his fate—that's all.

BLINVAL.

You pity him! (*aſide*) Dam'me, I'll avow myſelf *at once*, and—Deareſt Roſina, I—I— (*takes her hand,*) (*at this moment a footſtep is heard*)— (*Aſide.*)

(*Aſide.*)—Oh! here's this teazing amorous Widow.—She haunts me.—(*Walks up and down.*)

Enter Mrs. BELMONT *with an unfolded note.*

Mrs. BELMONT.

We ſhall have an addition to our party. Couſin, you'll not object to an old friend of mine whom I prepare you to eſteem.

BLINVAL.

A friend of your's—I ſhall be happy to ſee him. (*Aſide.*) I wiſh him at the Devil with all my heart.

Mrs. BELMONT.

An honeſt, plain, rough Iriſhman. The Laws of his Country forbade him as a Catholic, ſerving in the Armies of his own Monarch, whom he adores as the Father of a great, free, and happy people.

BLINVAL.

We have many brave Iriſh with our troops, all much eſteem'd; but who's your friend?

Mrs. BELMONT.

A Singular Character—Eccentric, and at times warm to a degree.—His employment gives him an appearance of harſh authority, while in reality, he is mild and humane—After this ſketch you will allow for a rough Diamond. He wiſhes to be introduc'd to a Soldier of your merit, and being within five minutes walk, comes without form—the Governor of the Caſtle.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL. (*ſtarting.*)

Eh!—Who? the Governor! (*walks about agitated*).—(*Aſide*)—All my unlucky Planets muſt have join'd.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Run, haſte, Roſina, give directions that the ſupper ſuit our gueſts.

ROSINA. (*with her eyes fix'd on* BLINVAL *does not attend.*)

Mrs. BELMONT.

Why, an't you gone?

ROSINA. (*Aſide as ſhe retires.*)

O the reſemblance is aſtoniſhing. (*Exit.*

Mrs. BELMONT.

How kind of our good friend, the very firſt hour you arrive.

BLINVAL. (*ſtill walking about.*)

Oh kind! Yes, yes,—damn'd kind—kind to a degree—but I'm ſo dreadfully fatigued after fighting with the Robbers, that I feel oppreſs'd with ſleep.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Well,—we'll ſup early then.

BLINVAL.

But can't we ſup alone, on the footing we ſtand, a third is the Devil.

Mrs. BEL-

Mrs. BELMONT. (*ſmiling.*)

We ſhall have opportunities enough of being Tete-a-Teté.

BLINVAL.

We have ſo much to ſay, the Farm, the Settlements, the Attorney, the Suit.—

Mrs. BELMONT.

But your head's ſo confus'd—however there is no help, for he's already on the ſtairs.

GOVERNOR. (*without.*)

Aiſey friend—Aiſey, S'blood you'll have arm and all—there, hang up my Roquelaure and let the Serjeant wait.

BLINVAL. (*aſide.*)

Now impudence ſtand my ally. There's no alternative.

Turns on one ſide, draws up the Collar of his Coat round his face, pulls his Hat over his Eyes, and ſtands with his arms folded.

Enter the GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR—(*as he enters.*)

If they aſk for me *here*, tell 'em remember, I'm juſt gone there, Honey. Well, here and I'm come, quicker than my billet which got here firſt.—Faith and the Captain will rejoice to be made known to an old Veteran, who has had ſome hard knocks to ſecure him a ſnug retreat and a good flaſh of Lachryma chriſti to ſight his

battles over.—Be introducing us Widow—I muſt tell him about my laſt Campaign.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Couſin. Our friend the Governor, Couſin—Count Murville! the Governor of the Caſtle.

BLINVAL. (*ſtill with his back to them.*)

Three thouſand, and the Enemy thought five with the advantage of a wood, but his right flank left in the air!

GOVERNOR.

Eh!—what—By Saint Patrick the moſt extraordinary fellow, how long will he keep in the air.—Halloe! Count Murville, here's ould O Rourke, O Donnel, Governor of Sorrento, and whew! (*whiſtling*) S'blood! he's as deaf as my Invalid Serjeant of Artillery.—Och! and you'll have a nice huſband.

BLINVAL. (*aſide.*)

Pſha! 'tis abſurd, and I'll e'en brave the ſtorm.

Mrs. BELMONT. (*pulling his ſleeve.*)

Couſin! Couſin—our friend the Governor—how provoking.

BLINVAL. (*ſtarting.*)

Eh!—who?—O—I beg pardon—I was abſorb'd in a dull calculation.

GOVERNOR. (*advancing to him.*)

No excuſes Jewel to ould O Donnel. (*ſtarting back*

back on coming full in his front.) Och!—what—Devil burn me—(*rubbing his eyes*) Yet—how cou'd he get from the South Tower, the ſtrongeſt part of the whole Caſtle ſure! Oh! it's impoſſible, hav'n't I had the keys, all under locks in my own room?

BLINVAL.

All this time looks the Governor full in the face, and turns occaſionally with affected ſurprize to Mrs. Belmont.)—I'm fortunate in attracting your notice, pry'thee widow what can this mean?

GOVERNOR.

That Count Murville! hub-a-boo! Botheration! Faith it's a young wild Devil of the Death's Heads, I have now ſnug enough there, between four walls, not a ſtone's throw from us. (*ſtrutting up to him*) Sir—let me tell you, Sir, that while O Rourke, O Donnel governs the Caſtle, he will govern and keep his Priſoner's ſafe, tho' they do break out.

BLINVAL. (*laughing.*)

Ha! ha! ha! Widow, is your friend often thus? What upon earth have I to ſay to your Priſ'ner? Here I'm Count Murville.

GOVERNOR.

No, Sir, S'blood here you are—zounds, here you are not Count Murville! Widow, he's as like one of my Priſ'ners as two drops of whiſky.

Mrs. BELMONT.

And this priſ'ner—

GOVERNOR.

Is a wild rogue, that found the world not wide enough for his mad pranks; and has the happineſs of exerciſing them at his Liberty, in a nice room, five yards by ten, in the South Tower.

BLINVAL.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! and you ſuppoſed he'd leap'd your barrier, ſwam the wet ditch, and given your whiſker'd ſentries ſleeping draughts.

GOVERNOR.

Och! he's as ſafe as bolts, walls, bars and chains can keep him. Sure I know that, tho' he ſtands here juſt now.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Ah! Poor young man; you treat him too harſhly.

GOVERNOR.

Faith my orders are poſitive. But I ſoften as much as poſſible. Humanity has a command over me, ſtrict as the King's, and I obey both Maſter's with pleaſure. But this Blinval.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL! We ſerv'd in the ſame Corps—and were never aſunder, he is as like me as if we'd been twins.

GOVERNOR.

Twins! Zounds—he's yourſelf—well—well—as it's explain'd you can't be he, and you're well off—he's in a pretty meſs.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

I'm as much griev'd and ſuffer as much as if I was in his place, we were ſuch friends.

GOVERNOR.

Were you ſo—Faith I've a mind; but you muſt take your oath—No, no, I won't be ſatisfied with that—you muſt give me your honour.

BLINVAL.

What do you mean?

GOVERNOR. (*apart to* Mrs. BELMONT.)

I can't be ſatisfied till I ſee them both in one ſpot, ſtanding there cheek by jowl, like two double cherries, he ſhall ſup here.

BLINVAL.

Who?

GOVERNOR.

Blinval.

BLINVAL.

S—up—h—ere!—Bl—in—val!

Mrs. BELMONT.

It will be very kind.

BLINVAL.

You muſt not think of it. If it were known—his confinement's ſo ſtrict—

GOVERNOR.

Faith and I run ſome riſk—but to oblige a friend.—Och! be *aiſey*, he ſhall ſup here.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

There will be bloodſhed then—we have quarrell'd moſt furiouſly.

GOVERNOR.

Quarrell'd—a ha! that's the beſt news I have heard. It's the ſure road to be as thick as muſtard. You ſhall be friends.

BLINVAL.

I can never *ſee him.*

GOVERNOR.

You ſhall be friends.

BLINVAL.

We two can't meet.

GOVERNOR.

Och, be aiſey—I am the beſt hand in Italy at an accommodation.—Didn't I make up the quarrel at Balmuddery—when honeſt Pat Holloway had put Captain Noraghan's noſe clean out of joint.

BLINVAL.

And how had he done that?

GOVERNOR.

Faith he had ſqueez'd it tight, between his finger and thumb a little.

SONG.

SONG.—GOVERNOR.

Arah what a big noſe had the bold Captain Noraghon,
Pat Holloway he pull'd it—till he made him to roar again.
Whack fal de diddle—ſhoot him through the middle,
Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,
Whack fal de diddle—Captain thro' the middle,
Och ſhoot Paddy Holloway.

Both they choſe me their ſeconds, and I gave my word t both,
For ſecond man to two men, is one man that's third to both
Whack fal de diddle, &c.

We met by a duck-pond,—cries bold Captain Noraghon
Pat Holloway I'll ſhoot you, you never ſhall ſnoar again.
Whack fal de diddle, &c.

The Captain miſs'd Pat—for it was not a lucky ſhot,
Pat Holloway fired next,—and a very fine duck he ſhot.
Whack fal de diddle, &c.

Then I ſtepp'd in between'm—'twas full time to take it up,
For a duel now is one ſhot a piece, and then make it up.
Whack fal de diddle—ſhoot him thro' the middle,
Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,
Whack fal de raddle—ſhake each other's daddle,
And faſt friends they walk'd away.

[*Exit* GOVERNOR.

BLINVAL. (*aſide.*)

I've no alternative, back to my priſon.

Mrs. BELMONT.

How happy this will make poor Blinval. Come, you muſt oblige me and be reconciled; it is my firſt requeſt, and I inſiſt on your compliance.

BLINVAL.

BELINVAL.

Inſiſt Ma'am—my injur'd honour brooks no inference.—Seek not to thwart me, ſome dreadful conſequences might enſue, ſome conſequences you cannot foreſee—Inſiſt Madam! I wiſh you a good night.

(Ruſhes into the Bed-chamber and locks the door.

Mrs. BELMONT.

What madneſs, and rudeneſs. I thought in Murville to have found mildneſs and ſenſibility—O Man, Man, tax us not with deceit, when in your own proud ſex, there's ſuch a proof of the wide difference between profeſſions and actions.

Enter ROSINA.

ROSINA.

Alone Madam! where is your Company?

Mrs. BELMONT.

O Count Murville, has retir'd to his apprtment for the night.

ROSINA.

He is unwell then—poor young man.

Mrs. BELMONT.

No, no, he is quite well—but he choſe to retire.

ROSINA.

Sure that's a little ungallant.—Then our nice ſupper's of no uſe.

Mrs. BEL-

Mrs. BELMONT.

His place will be ſupplied.—The Governor conceives there's a reſemblance between Murville, and one of his Pris'ners, and is gone for the Captive.

ROSINA—(*quick.*)

What the gay Pris'ner in the Tower—Oh! there's a great reſemblance, ſo ſtriking—there's no miſtaking it.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Indeed!—Pray Roſina how came you to remark it?

ROSINA. (*embarras'd*).

I heard it.—Ah dear Madam, I'll tell you all—Every evening I've ſeen the Pris'ner from the ſtair-caſe balcony. I have ſat there whole hours to hear him ſing. He bewails his captivity. Complains that all the world forſakes him. *except me*, cou'd I hear this an not be ſorry for his fate?

Mrs. BELMONT.

Roſina, your ſimplicity affects me; to pity him, in his diſtreſs is amiable; but to love him wou'd be imprudent. Be cautious then, Roſina; nor ſully with a fault one of the hearts beſt virtues,—Compaſſion for the unfortunate.

SONG.—Mrs. BELMONT.

From Pity's power thou need'ſt not fly;
The tear ſhe ſheds adorns the eye:
And when down Beauty's cheek it flows,
More bright it's radient crimſon glows.

But there's a ſigh, and there's a tear,
That bids youth's roſes diſappear;
Beware leſs thine their influence prove,
Beware leſs pity turn to love.

That tear is love's, and love's that ſigh!
They fade the cheek, they dim the eye.—
Ah! let not then thy artleſs bloom
In ſigh, and tears ſo dire conſume—

Then—if thy heart tumultuous beat
Whene'er thine eyes yon Captive's meet,
Away! nor more ſuch danger prove,
For ſoon thy pity would be love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Priſon.

Inſide of BLINVAL'S *Room.*

A large ſtone ſeen roll'd from one corner of a trap-door and open oppoſite to it; the ordinary Priſon door clos'd and ſecur'd by iron plates, large nails, &c. The Table and Chairs in confuſion, a bureau overturn'd and broken. A camp bed part of the furniture.

BLINVAL *is in his original Huſſar Jacket, ſeen entering by the trap door. He hurries in, rolls the ſtone back, and puts the table and chairs in their places.*

BLINVAL.

There then, I'm ſafe.—Now Mr. Governor, one inſtant to derange this mad head, and I'm at your

your ſervice. (*Pull his hair out of form, and gives as much diſorder as he can to his appearance. A clanking heard as of a chain unlooſening on the outſide.*)

Hark! O my old Buck! I muſt have had a few dips in the Shannon too, not to outwit your Excellence. (*Walks about in a melancholy manner with his arms croſs'd.*)

The Governor, after various bars have been heard removing peeps in.

GOVERNOR. (*with the door in his hand.*)

Och! an you're there—Well then I'm an ould Blockhead, and that's all. You may go back. (*to the guard outſide.*) Ah! what my little *kill Colonel.* Well, but what makes you ſo diſmal? don't be faint hearted boy—joy ſometimes penetrates even the walls of a *Priſon.*

BLINVAL.

Joy! you are too generous—too much a man of honour to add the pangs of raillery to my diſtreſs—Am I releas'd?

GOVERNOR.

Faith and who told it you? Fair and ſoftly—only ſix months, and tir'd ſo ſoon. That's no great compliment I muſt confeſs.

BLINVAL.

Pſha!—why then am I thus teaz'd. (*Daſhes down one of the chairs in a paſſion.*)

GOVERNOR.

And is there any other part of the King's furniture

niture you wou'd like to deſtroy? Pray ma:e as free as with your own

BLINVAL.

I beg pardon, you have been kind to me Governor—you've been very kind.

GOVERNOR.

O my dear boy, not a word more, I wou'd attend you to the ſcaffold with the greateſt pleaſure imaginable—only don't break the furniture, that's all—but I've ſome pleaſure in reſerve. There's an old friend hard by, tho' you've quarrell'd, and you ſhall ſup with him to night, I'm determin'd you ſhall be reconcil'd, and tho' Murville.

BLINVAL (*with affected ſurprize.*)

Murville! I eſteem him more than I can expreſs, but I cannot forget having cheated him out of a fine girl. It was my fault—we are ſo alike, I eaſily paſs'd in his place.

GOVERNOR.

Like!—S'Life but you had the ſame father—how it happen'd that's not my buſineſs, but you're Brother's, or I'm not Governor. Come, ſhall we march.

BLINVAL.

Willingly, and if you bring us together, you will have work'd a miracle.

GOVERNOR.

Hub-a-boo! Honey! leave all o me. Faith I'll not reſt till you are face to face.

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL.

Then your reſt's gone in this world take my word.

GOVERNOR.

Allons donc. Nous Verrons. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Mrs BELMONT's. — *Same Apartment.*

Enter Mrs. BELMONT, ROSINA, *and* GERMAIN *following.*

Mrs. BELMONT.

Acquaint your Maſter Count Murville, and from me, that the ſooner he attends to his affairs elſewhere, the better. It muſt be equally unpleaſant to us both while he remains.

GERMAIN.

Dear, dear, was ever ſuch an unlucky ſon of Adam? Moſt honour'd Madam—my Maſter wou'd break my head if I was ſo impertinent—and you yourſelf—Lovers quarrels are you know Ma'am (*goes to the bed-room and tries the door*)—Lord it's no uſe—I cou'd as ſoon get at, even the Priſoner in the South Tower.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Well, when the Governor comes we ſhall ſee.

GERMAIN.

GERMAIN. (*alarm'd.*)

The—The—The what Ma'am? Didn't you ſay *the Governor?*

Mrs. BELMONT.

Certainly—What can that be to you?

GERMAIN.

O nothing Ma'am—Nothing *to me.* (*aſide*) here's a curſed ſcrape. But I have ſuch a kind of a ſort of a dread of a Priſon ever ſince an old hag of a Gypſey told me I ſhou'd live to be hang'd. (*aſide.*) And, if I cou'd make him hear—and Madam, the very name (*loud*) of a Governor, makes my teeth chatter Ma'am.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Well, well, you may retire, deſire my people to take care of you, and when your Maſter chuſes to appear you ſhall be call'd.

GERMAIN,

Truly moſt benevolent Lady—I moſt punctually obey your orders. What hoe! Gaſpard, Diego, Janſron! here you muſt take care of me (*Gets near the bed-room door and calls out loud*) the Governor's coming. Some more Champaign.

Going meets BLINVAL *and* GOVERNOR *entering.* BLINVAL *in his Huſſar Jacket.* GERMAIN *ſtarts back.* BLINVAL *catches his arm and threatens him. He ſtarts behind evidently alarmed.*

GOVERNOR

BLINVAL.

BLINVAL. (*As he enters.*)

Ah! my head's giddy with confinement! I feel oppreſs'd with the pure air.

ROSINA.

It is the Priſoner.

Mrs. BELMONT.

The reſemblance is ſtriking.

GERMAINE. (*Aſide.*)

The reſemblance! then all is ſafe. (*Advancing to Blinval.*) Ah- Sir—I am glad to ſee you.

GOVERNOR. (*putting him back.*)

And who the devil told you to be glad, Arrah ſtand back, or I'll—ſtand back I ſay,—Ladies I bring you a Recluſe, who for ſome time has virtuouſly renounced the fickle vanities and falſe allurements of this life, and like moſt Penitents, per force.

BLINVAL. (*in a ſoft tone of voice.*)

Paſt troubles are but as dreams, and this bleſt moment (*looking at Roſina,*) cheaply purchas'd by ages of captivity.

GOVERNOR.

But where's Murville? Sure he's obſtinate ſtill.

BLINVAL.

I was in hopes a difference in our youth—

GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

S'Life and my Government; ſcarce an hour paſſes without ſuch diſputes at a meſs dinner, faith and they're commoner than toaſts, aye, and paſs off as quick.

Mrs. BELMONT.

He refuſes all overtures. (*Governor and Mrs. Belmont retire up and talk apart.*)

BLINVAL.

I lament it—but my misfortunes, and my acknowledgments muſt in the end prevail.

ROSINA. (*Aſide.*)

Charming young Man! what a good heart. (*to him firſt in a faultering voice and then more firm.*) I really tremble when I reflect, Sir, how you have ſuffer'd in that ugly Tower.

BLINVAL.

My captivity wou'd have been inſupportable, but I was ſooth'd by ſuch and agreeable object.

ROSINA. (*Aſide.*)

Heigho! I hope that agreeable object preſented itſelf from my balcony.

(*The* GOVERNOR *and* Mrs. BELMONT *advance.*)

GOVERNOR.

Shut up!—but it ſhan't be—I am determin'd to ſee whether they are the ſame perſon, as they ſtand ſeparately face to face.

Mrs. BEL-

MRS. BELMONT. (*ſmiling.*)

Your Priſoner appears younger.

ROSINA.

He has a ſofter voice.

GOVERNOR.

Faith and I ſee no difference; but I'll not ſtir till he comes out, and if he won't Capitulate, by your leave Widow, we muſt proceed to *Storm*.

QUARTETTO.

The GOVERNOR, MRS. BELMONT, BLINVAL, *and* ROSINA.

GOVERNOR.

Knock!—Knock!—Knock!—
Knock at his door.—Knock, Thunder away!
[*They all knock loud at the door.*
The Governor commands, his voice obey.

BLINVAL.

I doubt him much, but ſoon you'll ſee
He'll ne'er come face to face with me:
Yet on the watch he's forc'd to keep,
While Blinval wakes,—he'll never ſleep.

GOVERNOR. (*Knocking.*)

A headſtrong Devil, won't he ſtir,
High time I ſwear this ſtrife to cloſe;
Peep from your Covert, ſurely,
The Governor muſt interpoſe. (*Knocking.*)

ROSINA *and* Mrs. BELMONT.

Our joint endeavours muſt prevail,
When *we* requeſt he can't refuſe;
Their enmity's of no avail,
They muſt be friends, they can't but chuſe.

BLINVAL.

Be ſilent friends, his voice I hear.

ALL.

He anſwers—liſten—liſten—ſo.
Be ſilent,—draw, with caution, near,
Be ſilent.—

BLINVAL.

Hark!—He anſwers, No!

ROSINA.

He doesn't ſtir,—I'm ſure 'tis ſo.

BLINVAL.

Be ſatisfied,—He anſwers,—No.

ROSINA. (*to Belmont.*)

Did you hear him?

Mrs, BELMONT.

No.

Mrs. BELMONT. (*to Governor.*)

Did you hear him?

GOVERNOR.

No.

GOVERNOR. (*to Blinval.*)

Did you hear him?

BLINVAL.

No.

ROSINA.

ROSINA.

He did'nt ſtir—I'm ſure 'tis ſo.

BLINVAL.

Be ſatisfied,—he anſwers,—No.

ALL. (*but* BLINVAL.)

He did'nt ſtir—I'm ſure 'tis ſo;

BLINVAL.

Be ſatisfied,—he anſwers,—No.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The ſame apartment at the Widow BELMONT'*s.*

The Drawing-room and communicating door.

A table ſpread with wines and a deſert.

The GOVERNOR, *Mrs.* BELMONT, ROSINA, *and* BLINVAL, *in his own character, ſeated at ſupper.*

GOVERNOR.

FAITH, and upon my honour, but it's the moſt extraordinary thing I ever ſaw, either in England, Ireland, or all Italy.—Such an obſtinate mule!—Oh! if I had him for a few weeks in the Caſtle.

BLINVAL.

Things more unlikely have happened.

GOVERNOR.

Well, let me catch him there; and he ſhall be in charity with all mankind before I let him looſe. There's nothing on the whole earth ſo bad as obſtinacy. I'm reſolved never to quit this ſpot till he

he comes from that room.—If I give up this point, it will be for the first time since I was christened by my sir-name, O'Flagharty.

BLINVAL.

He will no more come from that room than I ſhall—who ſit here.

GOVERNOR.

Then by your leave, widow, here I'm poſted. He ſhall come out by the God of War!

(*Enter the Corporal of the Guard.*)

Now what the devil brings your impudence into this houſe?

CORPORAL.

Governor, a ſtranger's arrived, and brings orders about the priſoner Blinval.

GOVERNOR.

Ah! this looks ſerious (*they all riſe*); faith, my young gentleman, I am concern'd, but you muſt make your mind up to the worſt; and for the preſent, back to the ſouth tower.

ROSINA.

I'm diſtreſs'd at this croſs accident.

BLINVAL.

Indeed! Then I'm happy—Blinval is not indifferent—(*aſide*).

GOVERNOR.

Come, come, this is all very pleaſant, but we've

we've no time to loſe; you muſt give up the ladies for the corporal.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Through the indulgence of the Governor we ſhall ſoon meet.

GOVERNOR.

Oh! I'll be as indulgent as you pleaſe. Corporal, conduct the priſoner to the guard-room, and bid your Officer lodge him ſafe in the South Tower, and poſt a ſentry at his door. I'll follow preſently.— (*Exeunt* BLINVAL *and* CORPORAL.)

GOVERNOR.

It's a bad buſineſs I'm afraid; drawn on his Colonel! Breach of ſubordination. Charge upon charge!—Theſe young fellows are ſo hot-brain'd they think a daſh of bravery compriſes all military duties;—it's the leaſt part:—who obeys best, beſt commands too;—that is the ſoldier's creed. But this, Murville, I'm reſolved to keep up the blockade—here I'm poſted.

ROSINA.

(*Sighing deeply*) Heigho!

GOVERNOR.

'Sblood, my fair violet, what makes you ſay "Heigho!" O, if I cou'd but knock off thirty of theſe hard years,—faith I'd ſoon change your note.

Mrs. BELMONT.—(*Smiling*)

You'd have no chance.

GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

No chance!—'Slife, but an honest Irish heart is worth the conquest.

(*Roſina ſhakes her head and ſighs.*)

Again! widow, the little blind urchin has been at work. Come, child, confeſs what happy name would have been wafted on that deep-drawn ſigh—make me your confident, and you'll find me a good ally.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Roſina Child, the Governor is an old friend—Your confidence will be well placed.

During the end of this Dialogue the bed-room door opens, and Blinval with the great coat on, as Murville, peeps through. Stealing in quietly and unperceived by any of the party.

GOVERNOR.

And has this lover of your's, my little dear no name?

BLINVAL.

Oh! yes, yes, yes—He has a name, and I know it.

(*They all turn round towards Blinval.*)

GOVERNOR.

Och! Are you there at laſt Mr. Murville? Come if you pleaſe, you ſhall juſt ſtep with me to the Caſtle where you ſhall ſhake hands with my Priſoner, and let me ſee you both in the ſame perſon, and together, and then I will believe you are not him. BLIN-

BLINVAL *creeps back to the Bed-Chamber, and nearly gains the door when the* GOVERNOR *perceiving his intention, catches his arm, and brings him back.*

GOVERNOR.

No, Honey, no; not quite ſo young.—You muſt come fairly, or I ſhall call the Guard.

BLINVAL.

(*Struggling*) Sir, do you know, I am

GOVERNOR.

(*Holding him*) Och now be eaſy friend, it is to know whether you are my Priſouer or yourſelf, and to make you both come together, while you are ſeparate, that I oblige you with my company to the South Tower—So now be eaſy, or I muſt call the Guard—Come, come, Och! to be ſure now, and you're not friends.

BLINVAL.

Well, Sir. (*Aſide*) Zounds, what ſhall I hit on now—Well, Sir, I'll attend you, I'll follow—follow you preſently.

GOVERNOR.

Follow! Faith in my Country, friends always link themſelves ſo doatingly; ſo, if you pleaſe I muſt deſire your arm.

(*Keeps hold of Blinval and drags him off.*)

Mrs. BELMONT *and* ROSINA *having been previouſly talking apart come forward.*

MRS. BELMONT.

Roſina, I muſt now have ſome ſerious talk with

with you—follow me to my dreſſing room, and look for the indulgence of a fond Mother, if I experience the candour and truth of a dutiful child.

(*Exit.*

ROSINA.

Ah! my heart beats ſo quick! If I cou'd ſteal for an inſtant to my Balcony and catch one good fair view; but my Mama, needn't mind, poor Blinval—He will be ſoon removed—Theſe diſpatches make me tremble—Oh! if I could but ſteal him fairly from that ugly tower, they ſhou'd never ſee him again.

SONG—ROSINA.

Together then we'd fondly ſtray,
O'er meadows green, thro' woodlands deep
Rejoicing view the lambkins play
And in the gurgling ſtreamlet peep.
No cankering cares our ſleep moleſt,
No frowning Jailor part:
Above the world, ſupremely bleſt,
His throne Roſina's heart.

From haunts of ſurly man we'd fly,
My priſ'ner ſafe I'd guard;
Secure from envy's prying eye,
And love our bright reward.
For him I'd cull Pomona's ſtore,
Nor from his ſide depart;
Thus bleſt, could Blinval aſk for more?
His throne, Roſina's heart. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

BLINVAL's *Apartment in the Priſon. The Stone removed juſt ſo as to admit the poſſibility of his paſſing. A Lamp burning on the Table. The Camp Bed near the Secret Avenue. Curtains drawn cloſe and oppoſite to the common entrance.*

GOVERNOR *(without.)*

GOVERNOR.

Well, well, I ſhall be ſatisfied in a moment. Sentry,—your priſoner's ſafe?

SENTRY *(Without.)*

All's well.

GOVERNOR.

Safe you ſay,—all's well.—Corporal, poſt your guard on the ſtairs, and let nobody paſs.

The keys heard turning. Bars removing. Chains falling, &c.

Enter the GOVERNOR *holding* BLINVAL, *who is wrapped in his Surtout.*

GOVERNOR.

Come, come, faith, and you've been more tractable than I had hop'd;—but what makes you tremble?

(BLINVAL *appears ſmothering a laugh.*)

Oh! he's a mighty pretty well behaved, civil ſpoken

ſpoken fellow, and will make you any apology you pleaſe, (*looking round.*)—Holloa!—why blood and ouns, where has he hid himſelf—Zounds! is it poſſible—Oh, no, no, no, he muſt be gone to bed.—Stand here a moment, Count, while I wake him.

Goes towards the bed—BLINVAL *watches his opportunity, and at the inſtant the Governor has reached the bed, whips off the great coat, throws it into the opening behind the ſtone, which he moves back to its right place, concealing the trap door, and ſlips behind the bed, and into it.*

Aye, aye, poor devil! he has juſt laid down to take a comfortable bit of a nap.—Blinval!—Blinval!—Faith he ſleeps like a top!—Who'd think a man cou'd ſleep ſo ſound in misfortunes! Blinval! (*throwing open the curtains.*)

BLINVAL. (*putting his head from the bed*) What do you want?

GOVERNOR.

Och! and you're there; well, and why did not you *ſpake* out, when you firſt ſaw my voice in your ſleep?

BLINVAL (*coming forward.*)

What can this mean? Governor, let me tell you, your behaviour, to a man in diſtreſs, is inexcuſable. Why am I thus tormented Sir? Leave me this inſtant, I inſiſt.

GOVER-

GOVERNOR.

Leave you !—faith and be eaſy boy. Hav'n't I brought Murville! You ſhall be friends—(*turning round to the ſpot he had left Blinval.*) Why, zounds! how, that other fellow is off;—there, I ſee him, holloa! Sentry! Serjeant! Corporal, bring him back here. (*Enter* CORPORAL.) Why did you let that fellow paſs, and not ſhoot him for forcing you?—You a ſoldier—I'll have you all at the halberts, or I am not Governor, by St. Patrick.

CORPORAL.

Governor, no one paſs'd us.

GOVERNOR (*raiſing his cane.*)

Ah! and get out with your damnable lies—Didn't I ſee him here, thro' my own eyes?—And didn't I ſee the tail of his brown coat, as he ſkipp'd thro' the door? Make yourſelf ſcarce, or I ſhall break my cane over your damn'd thick head. (*Advances on the Corporal who runs off.* Well, well, you ſhall meet yet—I'll not be treated ſo by any Count in the kingdom !—I'll after him this inſtant—Aye, and he ſhall give me the ſatisfaction of a Gentleman, when he has made friends with you, which ſhall be here, here, and before you're ſhot. (*Exit.*

BLINVAL.

Governor !—Governor !—(*following him*) Huzza! I'm ſafe again. Love is like hunger, and will break through ſtone walls.

(*Watches the Governor fairly out.—When the priſon*

priſon door cloſes, liſtens a moment, then runs to the moveable ſtone,—pulls it away, and exit thro' the trap door.

SCENE III.

A Grove leading to the Caſtle.

(*Enter* GERMAIN, *ſtealing along in ſilence and alarm'd.*)

GERMAIN.—(*Alone.*)

O dear, O dear! All muſt out now, and the reward of my labour will be beſtowed with intereſt. Germain, thou art a fool, and a Court-martial wou'd decide it,—and I'll prove it, Gentlemen, the Priſoner was a free-man, and for fifty Louis he abetted, aſſiſted, connived at, and adviſed Lieutenant Blinval, of the Death's head Huſſars, then and there, Priſoner in the Caſtle—(*ſtarting and looking round,*)—to repreſent the Count Murville—O lord! O lord!—Talk of the devil and he's at your elbow.

(*ſteals off more aſide.*)

SCENE LAST.

The outſide of the Caſtle.

An antique building with four Towers, encloſed by a wet ditch.—A Draw-bridge up.—Cannon mounted. &c.—A view acroſs the Bay of Naples of Mount Veſuvius in the diſtance.—The Scene is by moonlight, and the reflection thrown on

on the water.—A Centinel placed on the Ramparts.

Enter Count MURVILLE *in the ſame Uniform as* BLINVAL'*s, the Dreſs Jacket of an Huſſar Officer, trim'd with fur, lac'd, and the Cloak on the ſhoulder,—His Huſſar hat and ſword, the Death's head and bone in front of the hat.—He views the Caſtle with attention and advances.*

MURVILLE.

Here then, I am at laſt, and with the pardon I had deſpair'd obtaining.—His warm temper hurried Blinval into an act, which though excuſable in a young man, is death to a ſoldier.—I can in my turn now give life. Yes, to the generous feelings of a monarch, I am indebted for ſucceſs, when intereſt and Court favour failed —Blinval! how rich the gift.—Firſt I'll embrace my friend; ſee him at liberty, then fly to my Couſins, and ſeek that ſettled happineſs her character bids me expect.

(Enter GERMAIN.*)*

GERMAIN.—(*Aſide, ſtealing forward.*)

Not quite ſo faſt, or I'm ruin'd.—(*to Murville*) Sir, you're welcome; I have obey'd all your orders;—nay, Sir, exceeded them, in my impatience to oblige *(Aſide)* myſelf,—no lie there.

MURVILLE.

Germain, I have no doubt of your fidelity, I am expected then?

GERMAIN.

No, Sir; not yet, and if you cou'd delay your viſit

viſit a ſhort time, all things would be better arranged; at preſent, Sir, the apartment, which has been occupied, is not ready—and—and in ſhort, Sir, you are not expected yet.

MURVILLE.

This appears ſtrange.—However, I have more ſerious buſineſs at present.—Attend me here, I ſhall diſpatch you with a meſſage in a few moments.

GERMAIN.—(*Aſide.*)

Serious buſineſs! dear, dear, that's ſo lucky! If I can keep him at an Inn all night, there will be time for invention.

MURVILLE.—(*Pulling out his watch.*)

This loit'ring Governor! cou'd I impart to him my feeling and anxiety, he wou'd be ſwift indeed; but the ſcenes he's accuſtomed to, deaden his ſenſibility.

(*The Drawbridge is lowered.*)

Hark! the bridge lowers—then there are ſome hopes.

GERMAIN.—(*Aſide.*)

Hopes!—O that I cou'd but creep into a ſnail's houſe to eſcape; he'll have diſcovered all and I ſhall live to ſee the Gipſey's propheey fulfilled—I ſhall be hanged!

Enter the Governor from the Caſtle, followed by the Lieutenant and an Officer;—when they are on the Bridge the Governor directs the Officer to return to the Caſtle; the Bridge is again raiſed, and the Governor and Lieutenant come forward to Murville.

MUR-

MURVILLE.

I preſume, Sir, the Governor?

GOVERNOR.

Faith, Sir; you have gueſs'd right. I am O'Rouke, O'Flaherty, of the Kingdom—and as you ſay, Governor of the Caſtle—You have diſpatches from Naples.

MURVILLE.

For the releaſe of one of your State Priſoners. I have the packet in my hand.

GOVERNOR.

Welcome, Sir, to Sorrento—I am ſeldom ſo pleaſed as when I wiſh my old acquaintances a good journey; tho' they're never grateful enough to wiſh to pay me a ſecond viſit.

MURVILLE.

I'm impatient to afford you that enjoyment. Here are my orders. Inſpect them—Here's the King's ſeal—they are correct. *(delivering diſpatches)*

GOVERNOR. *(Reading.)*

"Blinval!"——Och! I am rejoiced—But we loſe time—Lower the bridge. Come, Sir, man's liberty muſt not be trifled with.

The

GERMAIN.

(Who has been ſculking about with ſigns of fear)

—*(Aſide)* Oh then, all's ſafe—*(runs up to the bridge)* Holloa, within; are you all deaf?—Lower the bridge.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

GOVERNOR, MURVILLE, *and* GERMAIN.

Lower the bridge, what hoa! attend.
Lower the bridge—

OFFICER. *(within.)*

Who's there?

GOVERNOR *and* GERMAIN.

A friend.

The Bridge is lowered again.

GOVERNOR.

The ſtricteſt diſcipline you ſee,
Within Sorrento's Caſtle reigns;
My Rule is—"Regularity,"
And I'm rewarded for my pains.

When the Bridge is down, a Guard comes from the Caſtle, leaves a Centinel at the other ſide of the Bridge, and returns again into the Caſtle.

OFFICER. *(Advancing on the Ramparts.)*

Advance! the counterſign!

GOVERNOR. (*Making ſigns to* MURVILLE *and* GERMAIN *to remain ſtill, and drawing near the* OFFICER.)

Rochelle!

OFFICER.

Correct:——Paſs friends, and all is well.

GOVERNOR. *(Giving the keys to the* LIEUTENANT.)

Lieutenant haſten, Blinval's free.

MURVILLE *and* GOVERNOR.

Fly, ſoothe his anxious mind to peace.

GOVERNOR.

Roar Like a lion——Liberty!

MURVILLE *and* GOVERNOR.

Fly quick and haſten his releaſe.

MURVILLE.

Tell him a friend whoſe life he ſav'd,
Has joyous tidings to impart.

GOVERNOR.

Tell him, he'as been ſo well behaved,
He'as my permiſſion to depart.

[*Exit* LIEUTENANT *over the Bridge into the Caſtle, ordering the* OFFICER *from the Ramparts to follow him.*

GOVERNOR, MURVILLE, *and* GERMAIN.

GOVERNOR.

Och! honey ſweet, what joys we feel.

MURVILLE.

Tranſporting moment, yes I feel.

GERMAIN.

I'm glad he's free, but ſtill I feel.

GOVERNOR.

When gratitude the boſom warms.

MURVILLE.

MURVILLE.

A generous act the boſom warms.

GERMAIN.

Some ſymptoms ſtrong of fierce alarms.

GOVERNOR.

It's glowing ardour you reveal.

MURVILLE,

Ah! cou'd my tongue my joys reveal,

GERMAIN.

Ah! cou'd my tongue my fears reveal.

GOVERNOR.

Humanity how bright thy charms.

MURVILLE *and* GERMAIN.

'Twou'd ſoon deſtroy thoſe fancied charms.

Enter OFFICER *from the Caſtle.*

OFFICER.

Eſcap'd—eſcap'd—the Priſ'ner's fled.

(Exit Germain haſtily.)

The Southern Tower we've ſearch'd in vain.

GOVERNOR.

Oh Heaven's! Am I alive or dead?

MURVILLE.

Some myſtery!

GOVERNOR.

——Some trick, it's plain.
To arms! to arms! Poſt Sentries round.

(An

(An alarm, flouriſh of Drums, &c.)

OFFICER.

Each avenue, each op'ning guard,

GOVERNOR.

Alive or dead, I'll have him found.
His ſlippery tricks I'll ſoon reward.

Enter Soldiers from the Caſtle.

To arms, to arms, the Pris'ner's fled;
He muſt be found, alive or dead.

All the Soldier's go off ſeverally.—One Party returns bringing in Germain.

CHORUS.

As now we ſearch the Caſtle round,
This fellow lurking near we found:——
His guilty looks declares that he
Has help'd to ſet our Pris'ner free.

GERMAIN.

I nothing know; in truth 'tis ſo!
If he got free
What's that to me?
I'm innocent ſo let me go,.

SOLDIERS.

March!---The Dungeon ſtraight prepare;
He, for life, ſhall languiſh there;
Treachery was his intent:
Now he meets his puniſhment.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

March! the dungeon ſtraight prepare;—
He, for life, ſhall languiſh there,
Treachery was his intent;——
Now he meets his puniſhment.

GERMAIN.

Oh! dear, good Mr. Governor! don't cram me into that abominable black Caſtle, and I'll confeſs all.

GOVERNOR.

Confeſs—Oho!—then you begin to ſqeak, do you?—

MURVILLE.

Scoundrel! and have you been acceſſary to his eſcape?—

GERMAIN.

Why, lord, Sir, he had eſcaped before I had any hand in the buſineſs.

MURVILLE.

Explain.

GERMAIN.

Why you muſt know, then, that there's a ſecret communication between his priſon and the widow Belmont's.---He has been burrowing under ground, and playing at bo-peep, between the two buildings, like a rabbit in a warren.

GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

Has he ſo?---Faith, then I'll have my ferrets after him and they'll ſoon bring him out. Corporal, take a guard---Go to the Widow Belmont's and recover the priſoner.

[*Exit Corporal with Guards.*

So then this ſingular gentleman has been cutting himſelf in half, and has been a double man after all. Then it was him I ſaw at the Widow's, and not Count Murville.

MURVILLE.

You certainly never ſaw Count Murville there---for I am he---and never yet entered her doors---But his reaſon for perſonating me I am at a loſs to gueſs.

GERMAIN.

Love was his reaſon, Sir. Love, you know ſir, will change a man into any thing, and if Miſs Roſina if'n't as much inclin'd to the Priſoner as the Priſoner is to her, I know nothing of the *tender paſſion*.

GOVERNOR.

Och! then the little blind boy, Master Cupid has been at work, with them.

Enter the WIDOW BELMONT *and* ROSINA.

Mrs. BELMONT.

Governor, what is all this? The confuſion in my houſe—Your Guard—the

GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR.

Be aiſy, Widow, be aiſy! Here comes one that will clear up all.

Enter BLINVAL *guarded.*

So Mr. Proteus! Faith and you're trapp'd—What then you put the Governor, and all his chains, bolts, bars, and Sentries at defiance—hey! —Here you have this Pickle, your Couſin, but give me leave, I muſt make known the real Murville. (*Preſents him to Mrs. Belmont*) And that Whipſtart, is my recluſe of the South Tower—pretty ſweet innocent—See how demure he ſeems!

ROSINA. (*advancing.*)

Blinval! Oh!—I'm ſo glad!—

MURVILLE.

My dear Blinval! give me your hand, and let me give you joy of the pardon which I have obtained for you, and juſt delivered to the Governor.

BLINVAL.

My pardon!—Huzza! my dear Friend!—I will then confeſs, that——

MURVILLE.

You may ſpare yourſelf that trouble, for Germain has told us all—Couſin, my friend Blinval has had the ingenuity to find a ſecret communication from his Priſon to that apartment, and believe your fair daughter made him explore it.—The State is benefited by the diſcovery, but the deſerves to be made Priſoner for life.—Will you conſent?—Roſina, has forged them, and he's, I dare be ſworn, ready to hug his chains.

Mrs. Belmont.

I have had proofs of my daughter's attachment and if she'll venture on such a prison-breaker—She's her own mistress. (*Blinval goes up to Rosina, who retires bashfully to Mrs. Belmont.*)—Nay my Child, you've my consent, lock up his heart, and, like the Governor—temper your sway with gentleness.

FINALE.

Blinval.

From Sorrento's prison free,
Pris'ner here for Life, I'll be!
Let not foes our bliss annoy,
Smile good friends and wish us joy.

CHORUS.

Let not foes our bliss annoy, &c.

Rosina.

Cupid's captives void of pain
Willing wear the marriage chain,—
Hym 's fetters pleasing prove,
When the links are forg'd by love.

CHORUS.

Let not foes, &c.

Governor.

Here has been a fine to-do!
One, has all this while been two!
When the Parson's work is done,
Two will certainly be one.

CHORUS.

When the Parson's work is done,
Two will certainly be one.

From Sorrento's Prison free,
Pris'ner here for life, he'll be:
Let not foes our bliss annoy,
Smile good friends, and wish us joy.

The End.